

A Fawcett Publication

NOVEMBER

# Monte Hale

©

WESTERN

10¢  
NO. 30

Monte Hale  
FANS THE HAIR-TRIGGER  
of BLAZING WESTERN ACTION!



# MONTE HALE WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

Executive Editor  
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor  
ROY ALD



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words

A Fawcett Publication

- CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES
- WHIZ COMICS
- CAPT. MARVEL, JR.
- MASTER COMICS
- THE MARVEL FAMILY
- DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY
- FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
- TOM MIX WESTERN
- OZZIE AND BABS
- MONTE HALE WESTERN
- REAL WESTERN HERO
- NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL
- HOPALONG CASSIDY
- GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.  
PRESIDENT



IN THIS ISSUE

## MONTE HALE

...IN...

MONTE MEETS THE UNDERTAKER

TOP HAT'S TROUBLE

BLACK BILL'S BONANZA

THE VALLEY OF DEATH

PLUS

HILARIOUS SHORT FEATURES

AND

A GRAY HAWK SHORT STORY

November, 1948. Vol. S. No. 30

MONTE HALE WESTERN SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.25 IN U. S. POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA

MONTE HALE WESTERN is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President; Roger Fawcett, Vice-President; Allen E. Norman, Secretary; Gordon Fawcett, Treasurer; Elliott D. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director; Al Allard, Art Director. Entered as second-class matter November 28, 1945, at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1948 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or part forbidden except by permission of the publisher. Title registration applied for at U. S. Patent Office. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S. Possessions, and in Canada, foreign subscriptions 12 issues for \$1.70. Single issues 10c. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by international money order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. All remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notification of change of address should be addressed to Circulation Department, Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 67 W. 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.; 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Mr. H. P. Houston, Edward S. Townsend Co., Russ Building, San Francisco 4. General Offices, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

# MONTE HALE

"IN MONTE  
meets the  
UNDERTAKER!"

Into town he rode, mounted on a coal-black stallion. His business was killing men -- and his name was THE UNDERTAKER! This was the toughest double assignment MONTE HALE had ever taken on ... to clean up Baker City and to gun-fight the deadliest, most feared, hired gunman of the West!



AS MONTE HALE RIDES THROUGH THE STREETS OF BAKER CITY...

NICE LITTLE TOWN -- SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON THERE!?

BAKER CITY BUGLE



C'MON, BOYS,  
LET'S TAKE  
THIS JOINT  
APART!

AND TH'  
EDITOR, TOO!  
LET ME HANDLE  
HIM, KROCK!

*CRASH!*

WHY, YEH  
NO GOOD, COWARDLY  
COYOTES!

*POW!*

FIVE AGAINST ONE! RECKON  
I CAN EVEN UP THOSE ODDS  
A LITTLE-- BY LENDING  
A HAND TO TH' ONE!



MONTE HALE SPRINGS  
INTO ACTION!



STRANGER, I CAIN'T THANK YUH ENOUGH: THOSE RATS WOULD HAVE WRECKED MY NEWSPAPER PLANT AND ME ... IN ANOTHER FEW MINUTES!

DON'T MENTION IT! BUT TELL ME ... HOW COME THEY HAD IT IN FOR YOU?

IT'S LIKE THIS! A CROOKED POLITICAL BOSS, BILL DOOLEY, IS TRYIN' TUH TAKE OVER BAKER CITY! I'VE BEEN FIGHTIN' HIM WITH MY NEWSPAPER--TRYIN' TUH MAKE TH' PEOPLE REALIZE THAT HE'S JEST OUT TUH CHEAT 'EM!

I SEE! THEN THESE WERE BILL DOOLEY'S BOYS?

RIGHT! HE FIGURES THAT HE'S GOT TUH PUT TH' "BUGLE" OUT OF CIRCULATION ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. BUT I'M NOT GOIN' TUH QUIT ... AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE!

FRIEND, I ADMIRE YOUR SPIRIT. MY NAME'S MONTE HALE-- AND I'D LIKE TO STICK AROUND AND HELP YOU FIGHT DOOLEY!

I'M TONY BLACK, MONTE -- AN' I CAN SHORE USE YORE HELP!

**BUGLE**

IN FACT, WE CAN START RIGHT NOW TUH CLEAN UP TH' SHOP--AN' THEN TUH GET OUT A SPECIAL ISSUE OF TH' PAPER!

--- TO LET TH' PEOPLE KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED! GOOD IDEA!



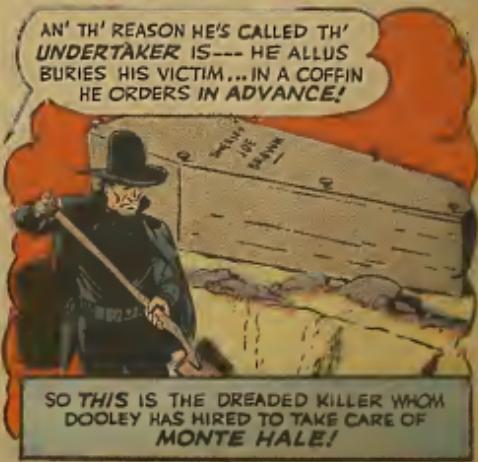
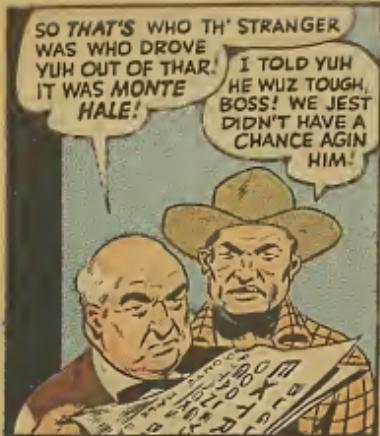
SO IT IS THAT, A FEW HOURS LATER ...



WELL, I'LL BE --- BLACK'S GOT AN EXTRA OUT ALREADY! KROCK, RUN DOWN AN' PICK UP A PAPER!

SHORE, BILL!





THE NEXT DAY, A FOREBODING SILENCE CREEPS OVER BAKER CITY, AS DOWN THE MAIN STREET RIDES ...

IT'S HIM! TH' UNDERTAKER!



WHAR'S HE GOING, CLEM? TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE?

NO! HE'S HEADIN' TOWARD TH' CARPENTER SHOP!



CARPENTER, I WANT YUH TO MAKE A COFFIN FER ME RIGHT AWAY!

A C-COFFIN? Y-YES, SIR!



MAKE IT A BIG ONE... BECAUSE IT'S FER A BIG MAN! AND PUT THE NAME ON IT-- MONTE HALE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

I'VE GOT NEWS! TH' UNDERTAKER JEST RODE IN! AN' HE WENT TUH TH' CARPENTER'S SHOP!

HE'S ORDERIN' A COFFIN FOR YUH, MONTE!



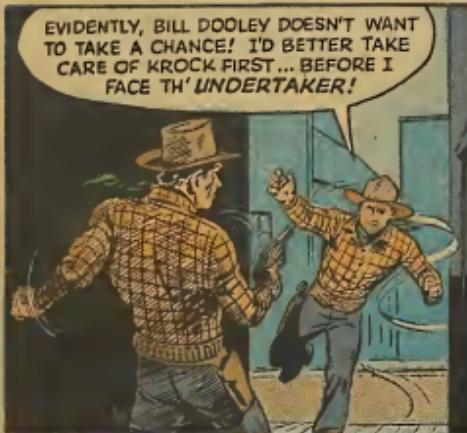
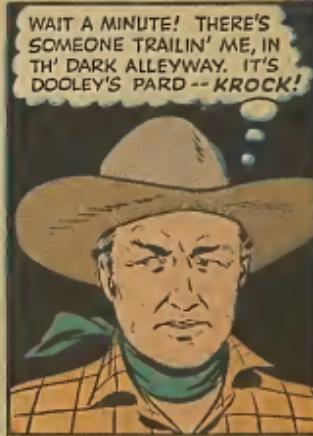
D'YUH HEAR THEM, MONTE? YUH DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST HIM! WE APPRECIATE WHAT YO'RE TRYIN' TUH DO--HELPIN' US FIGHT DOOLEY! BUT NOW YUH'VE GOT TUH USE YORE HEAD! HIDE OUT. TILL HE LEAVES TOWN!

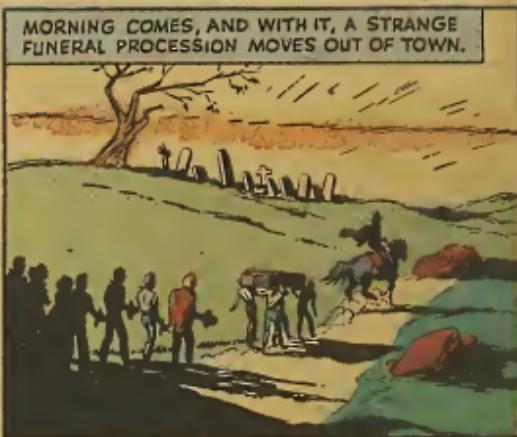
HIDE OUT?  
YUH MEAN  
--QUIT?  
RUN OUT?

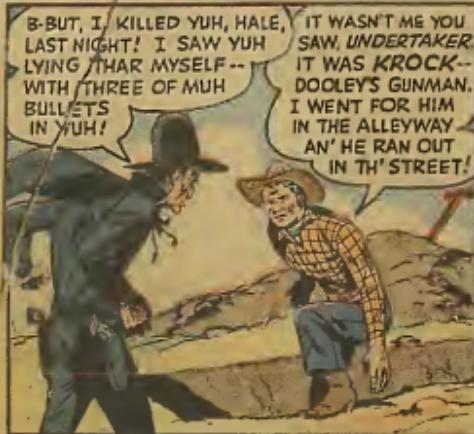


I CAN'T DO THAT, TONY, EVEN IF HE IS TH' BEST SHOT IN TH' WEST! I'VE GOT TO TAKE MY CHANCES WITH HIM--STARTING RIGHT NOW!









TOGETHER THE SIX-GUNS ROAR!

FINISH TH' JOB? BUT THIS  
TIME YOU'RE NOT SHOOTING  
A CLAY PIGEON,  
**UNDERTAKER!**

BAM!

BAM!

YUH GOT-- ME --  
**AHHHH...**

**HALE GUNNED TH'**  
**UNDERTAKER!**  
RUN FER IT,  
BOYS!

WE'RE  
WITH YUH,  
BOSS...

BUT...

TRYING TO VAMOOSE, EH?  
COME BACK HERE, DOOLEY, OR  
YOU CAN HAVE TH' SAME AS  
YOUR HIRED KILLER!

BETTER--  
DO LIKE HE  
SAYS, BOSS!

THAT TAKES CARE OF TH'  
ENTIRE GANG, TONY? HOW'S  
TH' **UNDERTAKER**?

STILL BREATHIN'--  
IT WUZ A SHOULDER  
WOUND! HE'LL LIVE  
TUH FACE TH'  
HANGMAN!



BAKER CITY IS SHORE GRATEFUL  
TUH YUH, MONTE. WITH **DOOLEY**  
AN' HIS GANG  
HEADIN' FOR  
JAIL--IT'LL BE  
A CLEAN, SAFE  
TOWN TUH  
LIVE IN!

GOOD! AN' IF YOU  
EVER HAVE ANY  
OTHER TROUBLE,  
JUST LET ME  
KNOW!

RISING OUT OF THE GRAVE TO OUTGUN  
HIS ENEMY! A TYPICAL FINISH TO A  
THRILLING **MONTE HALE**  
WESTERN ADVENTURE!

# Vern Stephens

CHAMPION SHORTSTOP  
OF BOSTON  
RED SOX

WHAT'S  
HE GOT - A  
MACHINE-GUN?

HE EATS  
WHEATIES, CHUM

CALLED "JUNIOR" BY  
TEAMMATES, STEPHENS  
DOES A MAN-SIZED JOB IN  
RED SOX INFIELD. HAS A TERRIFIC  
THROWING ARM - OFTEN TURNS  
"IMPOSSIBLE" PLAYS INTO  
EASY OUTS.

C'MON  
HOME, BOYS!

A DANGEROUS HITTER WITH  
MEN ON BASE, VERN'S SPECIALTY  
IS DRIVING IN RUNS. IN 1944 HIS  
109 RBI'S TOPPED THE AMERICAN  
LEAGUE. FOLLOWING YEAR "JUNIOR"  
WAS LEAGUE HOME RUN CHAMPION  
WITH 24 CIRCUIT CLOUTS.

"**M**Y IDEA OF A SWELL-  
TASTING BREAKFAST DISH  
IS A HEAPING BOWLFUL OF  
WHEATIES - TOPPED WITH  
MILK AND SLICED BANANAS!"  
SAYS VERN STEPHENS.  
"WHEATIES HAVE HEADED  
UP MY LIST FOR A  
LONG TIME."

WITH  
WHEATIES  
- TERRIFIC!

WHEATIES

# "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.





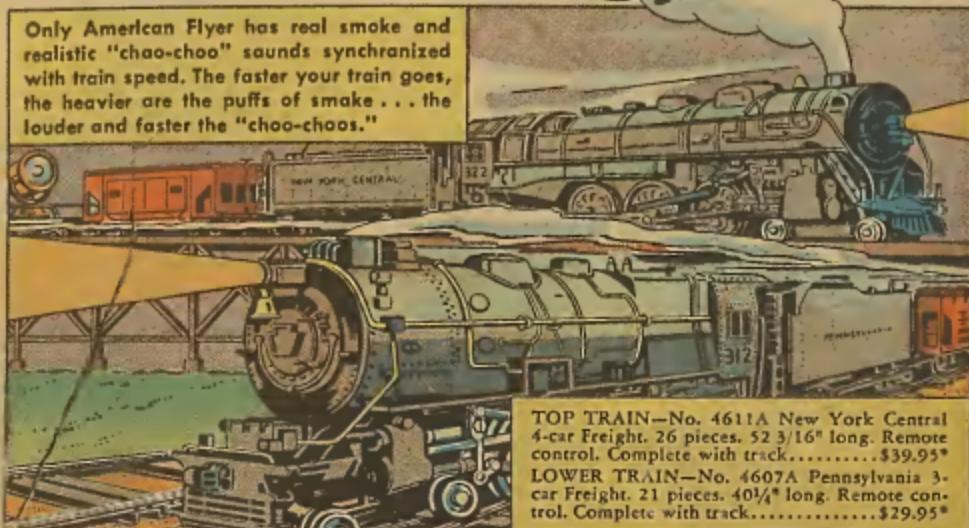
# AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

Only American Flyer has real smoke and realistic "choo-choo" sounds synchronized with train speed. The faster your train goes, the heavier are the puffs of smoke . . . the louder and faster the "choo-choos."

WATCH  
'EM PUFF  
SMOKE!

HEAR 'EM  
CHOO-CHOO



**TOP TRAIN**—No. 4611A New York Central 4-car Freight. 26 pieces. 52 3/16" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$39.95\*

**LOWER TRAIN**—No. 4607A Pennsylvania 3-car Freight. 21 pieces. 40 1/4" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$29.95\*

## NEW TALKING RAILROAD STATION



The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. They reproduce the "choo-choo" sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uniform 3/16" scale, so that your train looks like real—hugs the track like real. And a two-loop track layout takes space only 6 feet square. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive for smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 120 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest toy or department store.

\*Denver and West. prices slightly higher

**HURRY!**  
SEND FOR YOURS



This offer good only in U. S. A.

WHEN IN NEW YORK, VISIT THE GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE, FIFTH AVE. AND 25<sup>TH</sup> ST. ADMISSION FREE!

# MONTE HALE

**in  
TOP  
HAT'S  
TROUBLE!**

WHEN TOP HAT TAYLOR'S BIG TRAVELING SHOW ROLLED INTO TOWN, EVERYONE TURNED OUT — INCLUDING MONTE HALE! BUT WHEN MONTE FOUND OUT THAT THE TOWN WAS BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDE, HE DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO THROW A HOBBLE ON TOP HAT!



THE CROWD SWARMS IN.

GEE WHILLIKERS! AN' LOOK AT WHAT A SHOW! THAT BIG APE! G-GOSH, HE'S SCARY!

AS THE RODEO COMPETITION STARTS .....

LOOK AT THAT BRONCO! OH NO? GO! THAT RIDER HE JEST AINT GONNA STAY! HAPPLINS ON LONG!

...NONE OTHER THAN MONTE HALE!

RIDE 'EM, MONTE!





SUDDENLY !

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HYAR ? WHERE'D THEM SHOTS COME FROM ?

IT'S TOP HAT TAYLOR - OWNER OF TH' SHOW !



I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU, TAYLOR. YOUR CASHIER JUST GOT KNOCKED OUT - AND YOUR TILL WAS EMPTIED.

EMPTIED ? THEN THEY GOT ALL THE MONEY WE MADE IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS !



IT'LL MEAN THET I WON'T BE ABLE TUH MEET MUH PAYROLL...TUH BUY FEED FER TH' STOCK AND WILD ANIMALS...TH' SHOW WILL HAVE TUH FOLD !



WE'RE SHORE SORRY THIS HAD TUH HAPPEN THAT'S IN OUR TOWN, AN IDEA... IF EVERYONE IN TOWN CHIPS IN...WE KIN RAISE AS MUCH MONEY AS YUH LOST !



THE SUGGESTION CATCHES ON !

HELP KEEP TH' TOP HAT HAD SHOW GOIN', A MEAN BREAK, GENTS ? SON J. HERE'S SOMETHIN' FER HIM !

HERE - TAKE THIS GREENBACK, BOY !



SOON...

THERE ! WE HOPE THIS'LL MAKE IT UP TUH YUH, GENTS TUH DO TOP HAT ! THIS ! MIGHTY GENEROUS !



AN' NOW, BACK TUH TH' ARENA....AN' ON WITH TH' SHOW !



BUT, AS THE SHOW GOES ON....



...MONTE HALE DOES SOME INVESTIGATING ON HIS OWN.

SURE SEEMS STRANGE THAT THEY WOULD HAVE LEFT THAT MUCH MONEY IN TH' SAFE — WITH ONLY ONE MAN TO GUARD IT. MAYBE I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT TH' HOOF-PRINTS OF TH' HORSE TH' BANDIT ESCAPED ON.



HMM! I'D SURE RECOGNIZE THAT SQUARE NAIL MARK IF I EVER SAW IT AGAIN!



RECKON I'LL RIDE DOWN AROUND TH' SALOONS IN TOWN, AN TAKE A SQUINT AT THEIR HITCHIN' RAILS. MIGHT JUST PICK UP SOMETHING!



BUT, AS NIGHT FALLS, MONTE CONCLUDES A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

NOT A SIGN OF THAT HOOFPRINT! AN' IT'S TOO DARK TO SEARCH NOW. I'LL JUST HAVE TO RIDE OVER TO TOP HAT'S WAGON AN' TELL HIM TH' ROBBER GOT AWAY!



TH' LIGHT'S ON. I'LL HITCH PARDNER HERE AN'— WHAT TH'! LOOK AT THAT PRINT BY TH' RAIL!



IT BELONGS TO THIS PAINT HOSS — AND IT'S GOT A SQUARE NAIL ALL RIGHT! THIS IS TH' HOSS TH' FELLER USED WHO ROBBED TH' TILL. IT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF TOP HAT'S OWN MEN WHO HELD UP TH' CASHIER!



I'LL HAVE TO TELL TOP HAT ABOUT IT—WAIT! THERE HE IS INSIDE, NOW! HE'S TALKIN' TO TH' CASHIER!



MONTE OVERHEARS....

WHUT A DOODGE, FARO!  
HERE WE ROB OURSELVES  
—AND THEN THESE SOFT-  
HEARTED YOKELS RAISE  
A COLLECTION TUH MAKE  
IT UP TUH US!

I SHORE GOT TUH HAND  
IT TUH YUH, TOP HAT.

WE'RE GITTIN'  
PAID TWICE  
...FER EVERY  
SHOW WE  
DO!  
WHY, TH' CHEATING  
SKUNKS! PRE-  
TENDING TO BE  
ROBBED—AND  
THEN WORKIN' ON  
OUR SYMPATHIES.  
I'LL —



DO NOTHIN',  
MISTER!



WHAT'S GOIN' IT'S MONTE  
ON HYAR, BOSS!  
I CAUGHT HIM  
SNOOPING AROUND  
—LISTENIN' TUH YUH.  
SO I TAPPED  
HIM ONE.



GOOD WORK! BUT THAT  
POSES A PROBLEM. IF  
HALE KNOWS ABOUT OUR  
LITTLE SCHEME, WE'RE  
AGONNA HAVE TUH MAKE  
SHORE HE DOESN'T SPILL  
IT. QUICK! WE'LL GIT TH'  
WAGONS MOVIN' OUT OF  
TOWN... AND WE'LL PUT HIM  
IN A SPECIAL ONE!



SO, WHEN MONTE COMES TO...

OHHH .... I'M GROGGY. THEY MUST  
HAVE SLUGGED ME ..... AND LEFT  
ME IN HERE — WITH A  
GIANT APE!



NO! HE'S ON TH' OTHER SIDE OF THOSE BARS! BUT TH' ONLY WAY TO GIT OUT IS THROUGH HIS HALF OF TH' CAGE....AN' HE LOOKS MIGHTY DISCOURAGING!

STILL, IF I COULD ONLY GET TO THAT OUTER DOOR, I'D GET OUT. IT'S WORTH TRYIN'....

GGRRRR!

WHAT IS MONTE'S PLAN?

GRRR!  
ARRR!

IF I CAN JUST GET HIM ANGRY ENOUGH.....HE'LL PULL THOSE BARS APART....

SNARRL!

HE'S FURIOUS, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT TIME JUST FOR ONE BLOW, SO IT BETTER, ....BE GOOD!

SORRY TO DO THIS, FELLA, BUT IT'S YOU OR ME!

X-X-KRUNNCH!

MOMENTS LATER...

THIS DOOR WAS EASY ENOUGH TO OPEN FOR A MAN—  
BUT NOT FOR AN APE!  
WHICH IS WHY THEY LEFT  
THAT CRITTER IN THERE TO  
GUARD ME, I RECKON! SAY  
—THERE'S PARDNER!

LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, PARDNER! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO...AND NOT MUCH TIME TO DO IT IN!



NEXT MORNING, AS TOP HAT TAYLOR AWAKES...

HO HUM! DAYLIGHT!  
RECKON I'LL TAKE A  
LOOK, TUH SEE WHAR  
WE'VE GOT TUH....



CRAWLIN' COYOTES! BOSS!  
A BAND OF RIDERS.... AN'  
THEY'RE HEADED IN TH' THIS WAY.  
I TOOK A LOOK  
ANIMAL WAGON.... AN'  
MONTE HALE GOT AWAY. HE'S ESCAPED!



BUT HE'S COME BACK, FARO!  
IN THE NEXT MOMENT...

WE'VE COME AFTER YOU, TOP HAT!  
I TOLD TH' BOYS HOW YOU ROBBED  
THEIR TOWN.... SO WE FORMED  
A POSSE!



OH NO? WE TELEGRAPHED BACK TO TH' OTHER TOWNS YOUR SHOW HAD BEEN TO —AN' THEY ALL TOLD TH' SAME STORY! YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH OF TWO-TIMING CROOKS!

WHY,  
I'LL—



LAY THAT GUN AWAY,  
TOP HAT! IT DOESN'T BECOME YOU....



....AS MUCH AS THIS DOES!

**KLUNK!**



YOU SHORE FIGGERED THIS LITTLE SCHEME JEST RIGHT, MONTE!

TOP HAT WAS MIGHTY CLEVER. ONLY FARO AND A COUPLE OF TH' OTHER HANDS KNEW ABOUT TH' RACKET. AN' I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE BROKEN IT UP, IF HE HADN'T PUT ME IN TH' CARE OF A DUMB APE!



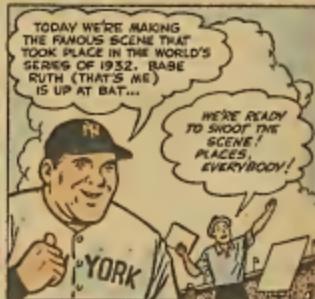
Tootsie  
Roll

**Captain**

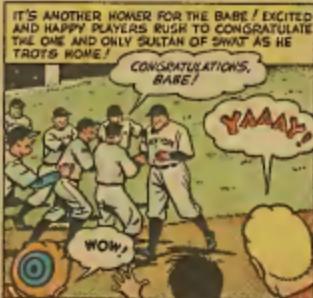
# in Tootsie

# and THE **BABE RUTH** STORY

BY OG-BEO



IT'S THE FOURTH INNING. ONE MAN IS ON BASE.  
THE FIRST STRIKE HAS ALREADY BEEN CALLED—  
BARE WITH HIMSELF CALLS THE SECOND /



# VOICE OF THE CAVE

*A GRAY HAWK Story*

By Richard Kraus

**L**N LONELY MAN Mountain, the flames of the Otapi council fire roared high. In the distance could be heard the shrill cries of the warriors of the Sachem tribe, gloating over their victories of the past, and promising new triumphs on the morrow. Chief Gray Eagle faced the elders of the Otapi tribe, his face grim. Crouching before the ceremonial fire, he began to speak.

"All around us," he said, "on the plains around Lonely Man Mountain, the enemy waits. The warriors of the Sachem tribe are many and strong. They have taken us by surprise and trapped us here on the mountain. Tomorrow they will attack again."

A stony-faced elder, Great Bear, suddenly rose.

"That we are trapped at all," he said angrily, "is the fault of a youth of the tribe! He brought ill-fortune on us by entering the sacred cave of the mountain—the cave where the voices of our fathers speak. It is his fault . . . and he should be punished."

"So!" Gray Eagle inclined his head. "Who is this youth who has entered the sacred cave and brought misfortune to his people? Let his name be spoken."

For a moment there was no reply. The weirdly flickering flames cast wavering shadows over the assembled elders.

Then Great Bear spoke again. "O Chief," he said, "it was your own son, Gray Hawk, who committed this sacrilege. He was seen coming out of the cave. An hour later, the Sachem war party struck, and trapped us on the mountain. It was the will of the gods. We are being punished for what Gray Hawk has done."

The chief rose, his face drawn in lines of wrath.

"My son . . . has brought this evil . . . on his people!" He raised a clenched fist. "Have Gray Hawk brought to me . . . and let him speak before the elders!"

Gray Hawk, young son of the chief, did not believe in the superstitions of the old people of the tribe. He did not believe that certain animals were sacred, that it was necessary to paint oneself a certain way, or to repeat ancient incantations. That is why he had explored the tortuous, winding cave

on Lonely Man Mountain. He wanted to see if he could find the source of the mysterious voices that spoke—the voices that were supposed to belong to the departed elders of the tribe.

When he had come out, Gray Hawk had been seen by Great Bear . . . and he knew it! When, a short time later, the Sachem warriors attacked suddenly, the chief's son knew he would be blamed.

"It isn't my fault," he muttered to himself, "but Great Bear will speak in the council meeting. And I will be blamed! I cannot deny that I entered the cave."

Stealing away from the council meeting, Gray Hawk had hurried quietly to the mouth of the sacred cave. Now he crouched before it in the darkness, clutching his tomahawk. What if the stories of the elders were true? What if he had committed sin and caused the defeat of his people by entering the cave?

Then he deserved punishment! And if not—

"Perhaps I should go into the cave again," the Indian youth spoke softly to himself. "If I have committed a crime—then the gods will punish me. If not, perhaps a way will be shown to me to help my people. Perhaps the voices will speak, and tell me how to defeat the Sachem, who wait around the mountain."

With sudden resolve, he crouched to enter the cave.

In his hand, he carried a glittering torch that he had brought with him. Now, as he moved slowly down the winding narrow passage, the pine brand illuminated two entrances before him. He looked at the one on the left.

"Down that one," he said, "I went yesterday . . . and found nothing. I will try the entrance on the right."

**F**IRST he held up the torch. Within a few seconds, it left a dark, resinous smudge against the cave wall. He was blazing a trail so that he could find his way back. Moving along slowly, at times traveling on his hands and knees, at times able to walk easily, Gray Hawk explored passageway after passageway . . . always marking a route for his safe return.

Suddenly, he paused, eyes and ears alert.

"What is that sound?" he half-cried. "Can it be voices—the voices of my fathers?"

Unmistakably, he was listening to a mumbling—at times clear and sharp, at times faint and confused. The Otapi youth started down a tiny crevice—the only passageway that he had not yet explored.

"Here is where the sounds come from!" he exclaimed.

**S**WIFTLY, holding the torch to his side, so close that the spattering resin stung his flesh hotly, he hurried down the winding burrow. Then, as he turned a sharp angle in the cave, he saw a small waterfall that bubbled out of a spring in the side of the wall and disappeared into the cave floor.

The water gurgled noisily—the sound rising and falling! It was the same sound, distorted by the twists and turns of the passageways, that he had heard from a distance.

For the first time a smile crossed Gray Eagle's face. "So this is the voice of the cave!" he exclaimed. "A little waterfall is the voice of the elders of the tribe." Then his brows drew together and he frowned. Just past the water, he saw a opening in the cave wall. Through it, faintly visible, was a glowing flame.

Gray Hawk hurried to the entrance.

Flattening himself against the wall, he looked out.

Strange! There, looming high in the night, was the bulk of Lonely Man Mountain where his people were trapped. And here, all about him, were the tepees of the Sachem warriors. Only twenty feet away was a fire around which slept several enemy warriors. And, on the other side of the fire, grazed the Sachem ponies. This was what the cave had led to!

"I'm in the midst of them," Gray Hawk thought wildly to himself. "I could attack them by surprise."

His sinewy fingers tightened on the butt of his tomahawk. Then he relaxed, and a faint smile crossed his lips.

"But there is a better idea," he whispered softly so only the walls of the cave could hear him. "By myself, I could do little! But if all the warriors of the Otapi were to come down through this cave, and, rising up out of the ground, attack the enemy? What then? Would not the Sachem flee to their own land—never to disturb us again?"

Swiftly, he turned, and hurried up through the cave!

THE BATTLE WAS a mighty one—greatest in all the epics of the Otapi. At first, under the sway of Great Bear, the

elders had refused to believe young Gray Hawk.

Then the chief himself had risen.

"If my son," he said "has brought disaster on his people, then let him redeem himself. He will lead us through the cave to the opening he has spoken of. If it is against the will of the gods, they will slay him. If not, he speaks the truth, and we cannot lose."

All the warriors of the Otapi had gathered their weapons—their many-arrowed quivers, their bows, their keen tomahawks. Following behind Gray Hawk, they had entered the cave. Unerringly he led them through the many wanderings to the opening in the midst of the camp of the enemy. Then, as he stood aside, Gray Eagle, his father, had put a firm hand on his shoulder.

"No, my son," he said. "You will lead us—into victory or defeat."

Shrilling wildly, the Otapi had poured forth, behind their young leader.

Arrows and tomahawks sped through the air; knives and sharp-pointed lances stabbed viciously. Bewildered and confused, the Sachem warriors attempted to fight back only for moments. Then, demoralized by the enemy that had appeared in great force in the very heart of their camp, they broke and began to flee.

The Otapi people were saved—and, after this stunning defeat, they knew that the Sachem would never again dare to attack them! Surrounded by his jubilant warriors, Gray Eagle called his son to him. Proudly, he put a powerful, bronzed arm around his son's shoulders.

"My boy," he said, "there are many things that go to make up a wise ruler, and a good chief of a tribe. What are these things?"

The warriors suddenly quieted, as they watched the boy's face.

"There is strength," Gray Hawk said slowly, "and bravery in battle, and wisdom, and compassion."

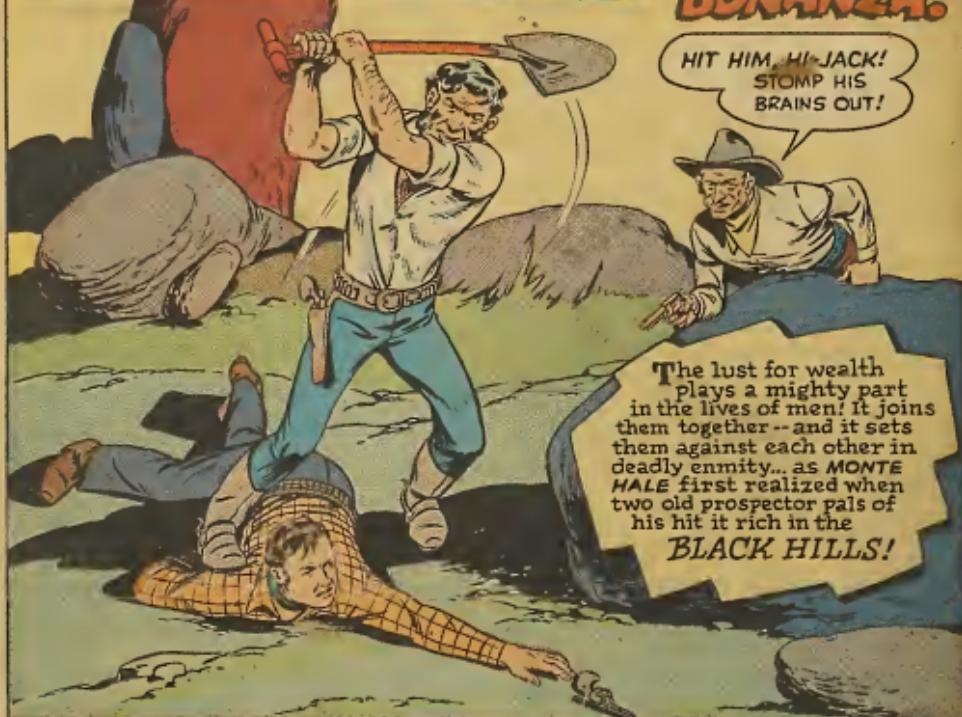
**G**RAY EAGLE nodded his head. "All these are true," he said. "True and necessary. But to my mind, there is another quality greater than all of these. It is the courage necessary to break with the past and with tradition—and to see with the eyes of the future. *This* you have, Gray Hawk—more than any of us. And so, you will some day be a great chief!"

THE END

*Follow the exploits of GRAY EAGLE, Indian boy, in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN.*

# MONTE HALE

**in BLACK HILLS  
BONANZA!**



TWO WEARY PROSPECTORS TOIL, BENEATH THE SETTING SUN...

I'M SHORE TIRED OF DIGGIN' AN' DIGGIN'... AN' COMIN' UP WITH JEST PLAIN NOTHIN'!

YO'RE GETTIN' TIRED? WHAT ABOUT ME?

CHUCK, WE'VE BEEN PROSPECTIN' NIGH ONTUH FORTY YEARS TOGETHER-- AN' I DON'T THINK WE'VE HIT ENOUGH GOLD TUH FILL A TOOTH!

SPEAKIN' OF TEETH-- I'M GITTIN' HUNGRY. WONDER WHEN MONTE HALE IS A-GONNA SHOW UP WITH THAT MULE-LOAD O' PROVISIONS HE PROMISED US!

HOLD EV'RYTHIN'! I THINK--

WHAT IS IT, BALDY? WHAT HAVE YUH HIT?





NOW! TAKE IT EASY AND TRY TO TALK SENSE. HERE I COME ALONG WITH A LOAD OF SUPPLIES -- AND FIND YOU BEATING EACH OTHER TO A FRAZZLE.

IT'S HIS FAULT, MONTE!



I WUZ DIGGIN' -- AN I HIT THIS BONANZA! SO IT'S MINE, AN' IF I ---

THAT'S A DOGGONE, BLAMED LIE, MONTE! I PICKED TH' SPOT AN' ALL HE DID WUZ SCRAPE AWAY A LITTLE!



IN FACT, TH' CLAIM IS REGISTERED IN MY NAME! IT BELONGS TUH ME -- AN' I'M NOT EVEN GONNA PAY HIM ANYTHIN'!

WHOA BACK, CHUCK!



THIS IS THE RICHEST ORE I'VE SEEN IN YEARS. THERE'S PLENTY HERE -- MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF YOU!



WHY NOT SPLIT IT EVEN - STEPHEN? DIVIDE TH' PROFITS IN HALF!

IN HALF? NO SIR! I FOUND IT, AN' I---

YOU WON'T EVEN GET A CENT, YUH VARMINT! I'M KEEPIN' IT ALL!



MEANWHILE, AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR HAS OTHER IDEAS!

STRUCK A BONANZA, EH? WELL, AIN'T THAT JEST TOO NICE! HI-JACK'S GONNA BE PLEASED TUH HEAR ABOUT THIS... MIGHTY PLEASED!



I'M A-GOIN', BALDY AN' CHUCK... BUT I'LL SHORE BE BACK!



# MONTE HALE WESTERN

THEN AS NIGHT SHROUDS THE BLACK HILLS—

THAR IT IS, HI-JACK!  
TH' SHACK'S UP THERE--AN'  
THEIR CLAIM IS RIGHT NEXT  
TUH IT!

NICE GOIN',  
CURR! WE'LL  
CLEAN UP ON THIS...  
JEST AS SOON AS  
WE REMOVE THE  
PRESENT OCCUPANTS!

BETTER BE CAREFUL,  
THOUGH. ONE OF THEM  
CRITTERS IN THAR IS  
**MONTE HALE!**

HALE,  
EH? WELL,  
LET HIM  
BE  
CAREFUL!

JEST FER A STARTIN' MOVE,  
I'LL STUFF THIS COAT INTUH  
TH' STOVEPIPE CHIMNEY!



SOON, INSIDE THE SHACK.

COUGH! COUGH!  
SMOKE! ...IT'S FILLIN'  
TH' ROOM

SOMETHING  
MUST HAVE  
STUFFED  
TH' CHIMNEY,  
BALDY!

I'LL TAKE A  
LOOK, MONTE!



MY SHOULDER!  
THEY WINGED  
ME FROM  
OUTSIDE!

IT'S A TRAP! MUST BE  
SOME GANG THET'S  
AFTER TH' BONANZA!  
LET'S FIGHT  
IT OUT!



NO! WE'D SUFFOCATE  
IN TH' SMOKE. LET'S  
GET OUT--THROUGH  
THIS BACK  
WINDOW!

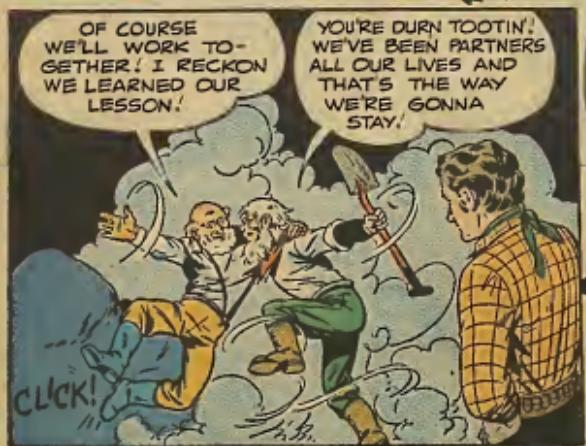
I KIN ... WALK,  
MONTE. JEST  
...LEND ME A  
HAND!



MONTE BEATS A STRATEGIC RETREAT!







**COMIX CARDS**  
appear every  
month in

**Monte  
Hale**  
WESTERN

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
**MONTE HALE**

IN

**Monte  
Hale**  
WESTERN

AND

**Real  
Western Hero**

EVERY MONTH!

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSSTAND!

Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard



**BOYS AND GIRLS!**

IT'S MORE FUN THAN A CIRCUS  
TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL IN  
THESE SWEATSHIRTS!



Advertised in Ladies' Home Journal  
and Parents' Magazine

**JUST THINK!** Each one has a famous character on the front! Heroes the whole gang knows! Dick Tracy, Captain Marvel, Gene Autry, Red Ryder, and Little Beaver for the smaller kids! Obtainable at leading chain and department stores all over the country. Ask Mom to get you some; they wear well and wash easily.

**J. T. FLAGG KNITTING CO., INC.**

Makers of High-Grade Knit Goods  
Mills: Florence, Alabama • New York Office: 93 Worth Street

COST ONLY ABOUT  
**\$1.25**  
EACH

ADVERTISEMENT

AMERICA'S  
MOST  
BEAUTIFUL  
BICYCLE



**the New  
MONARK  
Super Deluxe**

Read about these amazing new bicycles . . . check their exciting new features . . . see their beautiful new color combinations. We have a big colorful folder that shows and tells all about these beauties. Send for yours NOW! It's free . . . simply sign and mail the coupon.

**MONARK SILVER KING, INC. CHICAGO 35, ILLINOIS**

**Get This FREE FOLDER**



ONE YEAR'S  
TIRE AND TUBE  
INSURANCE  
INCLUDED  
In Purchase Price

SHOWS NEW MONARK  
BICYCLES IN FULL COLOR . . .  
AND TELLS ABOUT THEIR EXCITING  
NEW FEATURES

**Don't Wait . . . Mail Coupon Today!**

Monark Silver King, Inc.  
6501 West Grand Avenue  
Chicago 35, Illinois  
Send folder B-75 showing complete line of new  
Monark Bicycles in full color, free.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# BRONKO BETSY

MEMORY



CLOSE MOUTHED



# GILLETTE BIKE TIRE FACTS

AMONG THE NEWEST--  
AND CERTAINLY THE  
STRANGEST--TIRES  
EVER MADE ARE THE  
GIANT BALLOONS ON  
THIS "SWAMP BUGGY".  
IN MAN'S SEARCH FOR  
OIL, THESE AMAZING  
TIRES MAKE IT POSSI-  
BLE TO PENETRATE REGIONS NEVER BE-  
FORE EXPLORED...  
THROUGH DENSE  
SWAMPS AND BOGGY  
LANDS. WIDE RUBBER  
RIBS MAKE EACH  
TIRE A PADDLE-  
WHEEL IN TRAVELING  
THROUGH WATER;



THOUGH IT WOULD HARDLY DO IN MODERN TRAFFIC, THE "SPOON BRAKE" OF 1866 WAS GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S PRIDE AND JOY. A FEW FAST SPINS OF THE REVOLVING HANDLE-BAR TIGHTENED THE CABLE LEADING TO THE BRAKE, PRESSED THE BRAKE AGAINST THE REAR WHEEL.



BEFORE THE "SAFETY" BICYCLE OF 1886, CYCLING WAS FOR DARE-DEVILS ONLY. WITH TODAY'S IMPROVED STREAMLINERS--HIGHLY-REFINED VERSIONS OF THE FIRST "SAFETY"--BICYCLING HAS BECOME A FAVORITE PASTIME OF MILLIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



FUN, FRESH AIR AND PHYSICAL FITNESS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY--DAD, MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER! FOR SMOOTH, SAFE, HAPPY CYCLING, INSIST ON GILLETTE BIKE TIRES...THEY CAN'T BEAT FOR LONG WEAR AND RUGGED ENDURANCE!

# GILLETTE



# Bicycle Tires

# BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW

ONCE TOO OFTEN

ME HEAP MAD! SPEND WHOLE MONTH HUNTING AND ONLY GET ONE SKUNK SKIN. NOT WORTH PLUG NICKEL!!!

WHY THERE'S BIG BOW-- AND HE'S GOT 'A HANDFUL OF MONEY. ME SURE COULD USE SOME PALEFACE WAMPUM!!

SAY, BIG BOW, HOW MUCH MONEY YOU GOT ?

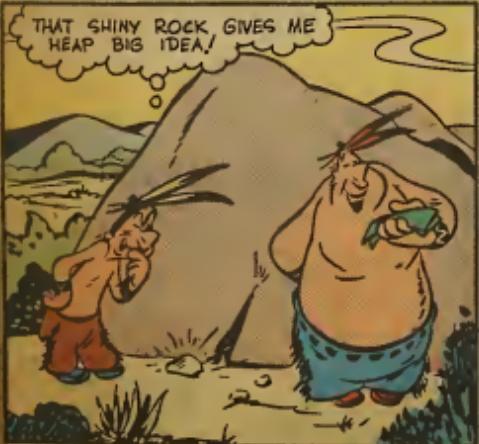
FIVE DOLLARS.

FIVE DOLLARS?  
YOU IN LUCK!

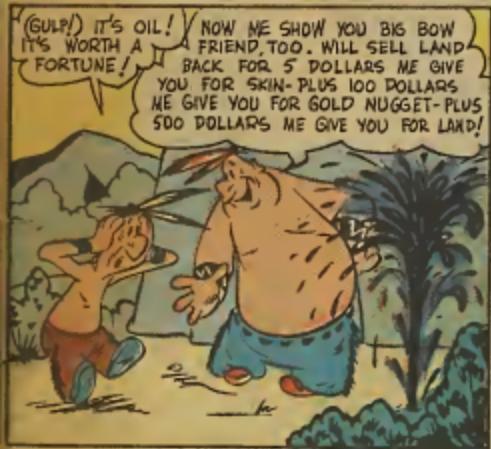
WHAT MEAN?

ME BROKE SO WILL SELL THIS WONDERFUL SKIN FOR ONLY FIVE DOLLARS. IT REAL BARGAIN.

BUT ME NO NEED SKIN,  
LITTLE ARROW!







# MONTE HALE

## in Valley of Death!

For centuries, the warriors of the **BUFFALO** had cowered in terror before the statue of their tribal god ...

**KANITOU!**

Not until Monte Hale rode along, did any human dare to brave the wrath of this savage idol to find what lay behind its savage menace!

MONTE!  
THE STATUE--  
IT'S FALLING  
ON YOU.  
**DUCK!**



DEEP IN THE WESTERN BADLANDS, A MONSTROUS IDOL IS WORSHIPPED...

O, KANITOU,  
WE PRAY YOU...  
BRING US GOOD  
HUNTING-- AND  
VICTORY IN WAR!

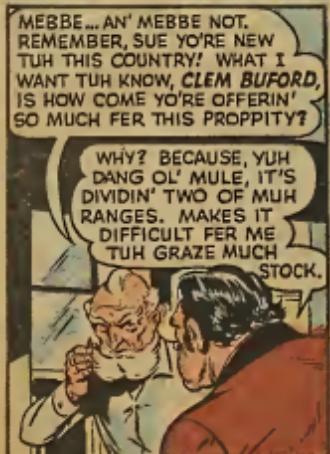
MEANWHILE, RIDING ALONG THE TRAIL IS... MONTE HALE!

WE'D BETTER WATCH OUR STEP, PARDNER. THIS IS TH' TERRITORY OF TH' BUFFALO INJUNS--AN' THEY DON'T LIKE VISITORS!

WHOA, BOY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? BUFFALO BRAVES --AND A HUGE STONE STATUE!







\$5,000 SEEMS  
LIKE A FAIR  
PRICE FOR THE  
RANCH, UNCLE  
JIM!

IT IS... BUT SOMEHOW, I  
DON'T TRUST THAT SCALLY-  
WAG, BUFORD! EFFEN I  
DON'T GIT RIGHT HOME  
FROM HIS HOUSE, TONIGHT,  
YOU GO TUH TOWN, AND  
GIT HELP, SUE!



AS NIGHT FALLS...

THERE'S BUFORD'S RANCH.  
AN' TH' LIGHTS ARE ON. RECKON  
HE'S AT HOME.



AH, THERE YUH ARE,  
KIMBALL. RECKON  
YUH KNOW JUDGE  
MARTIN AN' DOC  
SAYLES?

HOWDY, GENTS? YUH  
MUST BE HYAR AS  
WITNESSES TUH TH'  
TRANSACTION!



THAT'S RIGHT! NOW--  
YUH JEST SIGN HYAR  
... AN' I'VE GOT YORE  
MONEY FOR YUH!

GOOD ENOUGH!  
HERE'S MUH JOHN  
HANCOCK!



TH' RANCH IS YORE'S, BUFORD!  
BUT KIN SUE AN' I HAVE A  
COUPLE OF DAYS  
TUH CLEAR OUR  
STOCK AN'  
LUGGAGE  
OUT!

SHORE, JIM!  
TAKE YORE  
TIME, AN' HAVE  
A NICE RIDE  
HOME!

NICE RIDE?

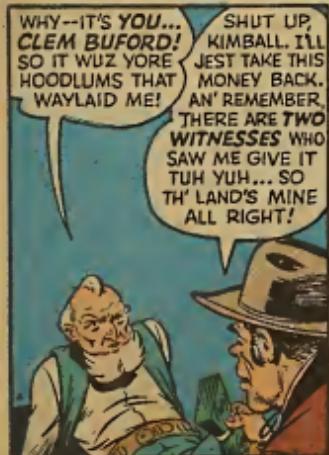
HERE HE  
COMES.  
MUST BE  
KIMBALL...

...AN' HE'S  
GOT TH'  
MONEY!



FUNNY... I THOUGHT I  
HEARD SOMETHIN' OUT  
THAR IN TH' BRUSH. PROB'L  
JEST IMAGINATION!





AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE PRAIRIE, PRETTY SUE KIMBALL IS WORRIED.

UNCLE JIM  
WARNED ME -- IF HE DIDN'T COME BACK ON TIME, I WAS TO GO TO TOWN, AND GET HELP.

I CAME RIGHT TO YOU, JUDGE MARTIN, TO SEE IF YOU COULD HELP ME.

I'M AFRAID NOT, SUE. DOC SAYLES AND I SAW CLEM BUFORD PAY YOUR UNCLE THE MONEY FOR THE RANCH. BUT THEN HE RODE OFF... AND THAT WAS THE LAST WE SAW OF HIM!

THEN I'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR HIM MYSELF! BUT, SUE, YO'RE A GIRL... AND NEW TO THIS COUNTRY. AT THET! WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE -- GOT AN IDEA!



AN IDEA?  
WHAT IS IT,  
JUDGE?

SEE THET COWPUNCHER WHO JEST RODE INTUH TOWN? THET'S THE FAMOUS MONTE HALE HE KNOWS THE BADLANDS LIKE AN EAGLE. IF HE'D HELP YUH SEARCH....



JUDGE MARTIN EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO MONTE.

I--I'M HELPLESS,  
MONTE. I--I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
TO LOOK.

I SEE, MA'AM.  
WELL, IF WE CAN,  
PARDNER AN' I'LL  
BE GLAD TO  
HELP YOU!



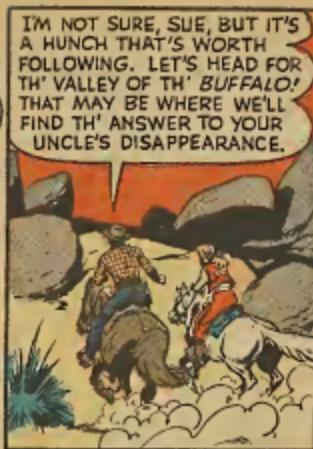
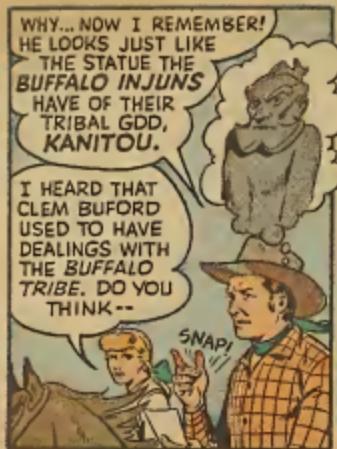
BUT TELL ME, DON'T YOU HAVE ANY CLUES TO GO BY?  
AND ANOTHER THING -- HOW WOULD I RECOGNIZE YOUR UNCLE, IF I SAW HIM?

WELL, HERE'S A PICTURE  
TAKEN OF HIM LAST YEAR.

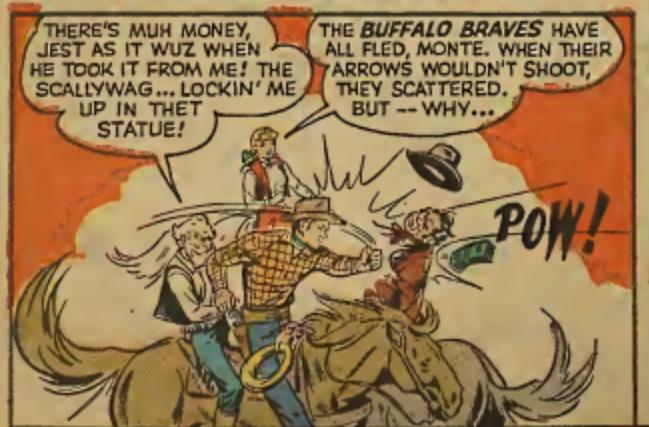


IT'S A GOOD RESEMBLANCE.  
HMM... I SEEM TO HAVE  
SEEN THIS BEFORE! AN'  
NOT SO LONG AGO!









RACK UP ANOTHER EXCITING TRIUMPH  
FOR MONTE HALE!



DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF THIS FAMOUS  
WESTERN STAR'S VERY OWN COMIC MAGAZINE!

# THE CROWD GIVES "TOUCHDOWN PETE" A HAND—HE CAN'T BE STOPPED—HE WEARS BALL-BAND.



Look for the Red Ball trade mark in the store and on the sole of the shoe.

TRADE MARK

Reg. U.S. Pat.  
Off. 1931

**Ball-Band**

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.  
Mishawaka, Ind.

Do you want greater speed, more thrill and fun in the games you play? Ball-Band ARCH-GARD® shoes will help you, for the molded sponge rubber ARCH-GARD fits the foot, and gives it firm but gentle support. Go to the store that shows the Red Ball trade-mark . . . try on a pair of Ball-Band Arch-Gards . . . they're wonderful.

## ARCH-GARD® GUARDS YOUR FEET AT 3 VITAL POINTS



\*Look for the name Arch-Gard on the insole.

# BOYS! GIRLS! MAKE 335 ANIMAL COMBINATIONS



OVER 335 ANIMAL COMBINATIONS



**ONLY 10¢ and a Corn-Soya Box Top!**

KELLOGG CO., Dept. 160-Y, Battle Creek, Mich.

YES! I want \_\_\_\_\_ JUMBLY JUNGLE BOOK(S). I enclose 10c and one Corn-Soya box top (end marked "TOP") for each one ordered.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

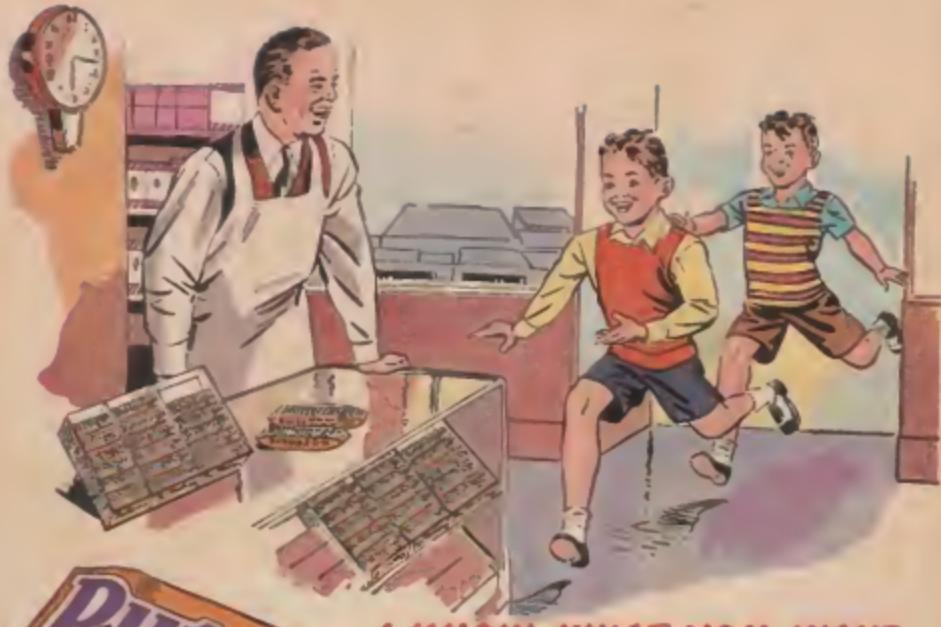
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

This offer is limited to residents of the United States only.

**• LOOK! LOOK!** It's a toy—it's a book! You can change the animals' costumes, switch their faces and their bodies. Get a box of Kellogg's Corn-Soya at your grocer's—and send for the JUMBLY JUNGLE BOOK—today.





I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT...  
IT'S



And it's no wonder. Swell tasting Butterfinger,  
rich in dextrose, blends rich chocolatey coating  
with honey-combed peanut butter center and  
creamy caramel for a taste treat supreme.

**C**  
Another CURTISS Candy  
Also Makers of Baby Ruth Candy Bars

# CURTISS

Producers of Fine Foods

A Fawcett Publication

NOVEMBER

# Monte Hale

WESTERN

10¢  
NO. 30

Monte Hale  
FANS THE HAIR-TRIGGER  
of BLAZING WESTERN ACTION!

